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## Zion's Herald.

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### [EDITORIAL.]

King Humbert is taking advantage of the present lull in European politics to strengthen the internal interests of his kingdom. His policy is a sagacious and comprehensive one. The Italian parliament which opened last week, was invited to consider and act upon most important and far-reaching reforms—such as the establishment of a uniform penal code and radical changes for the better in the prison system; improved methods in education; the encouragement of thrift among the working people, and the re-organization of banks of issue; the repression of excessive emigration; the formation of a sanitary code; the establishment of a single court of cassation, or appeal; the re-organization of the ministerial departments, and the introduction of certain reforms in communal and provincial administrations. Fortunately the King has a liberal parliament to deal with, fully in sympathy with advanced ideas. The Catholic faction has no place in the Italian legislative halls, being debarred by the old prohibition of Pio Nono.

Mr. Edward Atkinson's proposition (made in a letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce) to end forever the fisheries' dispute by buying the Maritime Provinces, and paying fifty million dollars for them—a sum sufficient to pay off their Dominion debt—has not met with much favor from the newspaper press. It is called "preposterous"; "impracticable"; "too mercantile a transaction to be seriously considered either in Ottawa, London, or Washington." "A dangerous precedent," etc. Quite likely these provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island are "not in the market"; and Canada may not be willing to listen to overtures which might excite a fever for annexation in other provinces, especially Manitoba; but it is very certain that some sort of union must be arranged ere long, and that the admittance of these provinces to our sisterhood of States is only a question of time. It is also certain that, could they be admitted now, their present depression would give place to a career of great prosperity, and many questions at issue could be satisfactorily adjusted. But there seems to be no need of haste in the matter. When "the pear is ripe," it will fall by its own gravitation.

The question which presses for settlement in England, and which for the present overshadows every other, is, what to do with the vast pauper army which cries for bread in the streets of London, and in its desperation is willing to follow any demagogue—socialist or otherwise—who may offer mischievous counsel. To clear Trafalgar Square Sunday after Sunday at the cost of broken heads and wholesale arrests, only embitters the grievance. To refer the whole duty of support to the charities of the metropolis, is but to perpetuate the evil. Even if the State were willing to furnish employment, the problem would not be solved, for such relief could only be temporary, and would have the unhappy effect of educating the people in false ideas as to the government's duty toward them.

To enlarge the country workhouse system by taking in extra farms and requiring the unemployed to till them at workhouse rates, might relieve the congestion of the metropolis, but would shortly breed a social discontent throughout the land which would threaten its peace. Emigration might be a safety valve for a time, but to cross the seas, and set up new homes, and begin new lives, require money, and the class in question is pitifully destitute. The evil is a gigantic and distressing one, and the statesman, should he arise, who shall successfully grapple with it, will win for himself an enduring name among the world's benefactors.

The decision of the French Chambers to criminally prosecute M. Wilson, will, without much doubt, result in overturning the present administration. Even if President Grevy would consent to endure the odium of family disgrace and retain office, the pressure brought to bear upon him by both republicans and monarchists would force him to send his resignation. Only the extreme left now stand by him. The names of at least half a dozen available candidates for the succession are discussed, and the contest promises to be an exciting one. More than usual interest is felt in the selection to be made, from the fact that the president of the French Republic possesses all the powers, whether he wields them or not, of a constitutional monarch. The entire patronage of

the State is in his hands. Change after change may occur in the ministry without affecting his status. He can even "recommend to the Senate a penal dissolution." It is hardly to be expected that his successor will use these prerogatives with so much moderation and simplicity as M. Grevy has shown.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's frank talk with the Washington newspaper correspondents revealed, in general terms at least, the character of his instructions. The British commission, he intimated, were empowered not merely to draft a new treaty which should settle permanently and satisfactorily the fisheries' question, but also to negotiate upon all points at issue between the two countries. He felt confident that any agreement which might be reached with the American representatives would be accepted by Parliament. As to commercial union between Canada and the United States, no formal request had been made by either, while conflicting tariff and treaties with foreign countries created difficulties not easy of solution; still, he thought a certain degree of trade reciprocity might be arranged. The opinion was expressed that the work of the commission would be completed by the time Congress opens.

### QUOTABLE PARAGRAPHS FROM NEW BOOKS.

"Sermons Preached in St. George's." Rev. W. T. Rainford, of New York, has collected in this volume (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) sixteen discourses, thoughtful, earnest, cogent, from which we make the following selections—the first from the sermon on "Revelation and the Bible" (page 19):—

The skepticism that floods the church of Jesus Christ to-day is this. You hear people talking of scientific skepticism, of materialism, and agnosticism. I tell you, all three together are mere trifles compared with the force of orthodox infidelity that invades our church, that manipulates our lives, and to which we have rendered, from boyhood or girlhood, unquestioning obedience. Love thyself supremely; let the full energies of your being find exercise in pushing your own way; all this is the law of self. Without question, without doubt, as unconsciously as the child receives its nutriment from its mother, we have absorbed this heathen principle into our lives; and against this, brother men, I say, God intends the church to be a living protest. It is useless to say to God or man, "I am a Christian, for I hear him say; I am a Christian, for I see him say; I am a Christian, for I believe in the Bible."

The most dangerous infidelity of to-day is not the infidelity of Science, but an infidelity found in the very bone and sinew of the church, that dares to say, we can live by two laws; that God has revealed Himself to us, but that revelation does not touch man except on his religious side; he may live for himself, absolutely, and yet theoretically confess that the character and word and will of God are only worshipful, and that the law of God, the law of Jesus, is the only law that man can live under. My brothers, you know, some of you, right well what momentous considerations hang on the truth or falsity of this position. You know right well what tasks they are that lie before us, if the business of our life is to be conducted on principles higher than those of self-interest.

The writer grapples with practical questions, at the following, from the sermon on "Capital and Labor," will show (page 10):—

Capital and labor are respectively senior and junior partners in the same firm; and till the former recognizes this, the firm cannot possibly prosper. As long as the senior conducts business in one way, and the junior in another, and between both distrust exists, failure is almost certain. The policy of mere competition is utterly broken down; and a larger and truer view of political economy will teach us in the future, that, at any cost, jealousy and distrust must give place to confidence and mutual forbearance. Let capital treat labor as though it was more than a "hand" in the shop, and the firm will prosper. Let it recognize that it has both head and heart; and then, as has ever been the case, head and heart will ultimately be more fully developed. Thank God for the thousands of men, both noble and rich, who have recognized that their business is the pursuit from which they must preach the sermon of their life!

Foreign missions find intelligent and earnest advocacy in these pages (121 to 131):—

Surely, it seems to me, if there be but one spark of pity within us, we must bear those cries that come to us to-day from across the seas. India and China are nearer us to-day than was Rome to Paul when he went forth, a foreign missionary.

Take one single instance: A little Hindoo lady stood in this pulpit last Sunday evening, and pleaded with us for one hundred and twenty-five millions of Indian women, her sisters. Of this number, perhaps less than two hundred thousand, she says, can read. Take one class of those one hundred and twenty-five millions; take the child-widows of India. The girls are betrothed between the ages of nine and twelve; marriages with their betrothed husbands consummated between the ages of twelve and sixteen. If the husband dies before the marriage, or after it, the child widow passes for life under the care of her step-mother. Thereafter, she may truly bid good-by to hope. All precepts of religion tend to keep her down. She is taught that she cannot resist the temptations of the devil, except by the most rigorous self-denials and penitences, and she is therefore obliged to fast rigorously and constantly; even when not fasting, one single meal a day is her allowance. Just think of it—one meal a day for a growing child of from twelve to eighteen! She is absolutely excluded from the outer world—so much so, that if she does escape from the care of her step-mother, she does not know enough to ask her way on the village street where she was born. Once she steps outside

the threshold of that joyless, hopeless home, return for her is impossible; and there remains only suicide in the river, or the lowest degradation. I might remark in passing, that fallen women in India are a caste of their own.

I might multiply such appeals as these; but can any one who has the spirit of Jesus, who hopes in Christ, and calls Him Lord and Master, continue to turn a deaf ear to them?

Here is another thrilling illustration of the same subject (page 129):—

English-speaking people, everywhere, have heard the story of Bishop Hannington's work and martyrdom. But the story of his fellow-laborers and converts and friends is not so well known. It was a grand thing and a brave for the Bishop to face, without flinching, the almost certainty of death; but it was, at least, an equally grand thing for those thirty men, women, and children, who clung to him in his last trial, to endure, without shrinking, the martyrdom they did endure. Just think of it! thirty souls gathered from a people whose law for ages has been utterly selfish and brutal—found, at a few moments' notice, willing to die for Christ. Hannington, as you know, fell by the spear of the executioner; for these were reserved a more bitter and painful death. Liberty was offered them, if they gave up Christ; if they stood by Him and His servant, they had no hope but the flame; and to that fiery death went those thirty; not one man, woman, or child drew back. This is what Christ could do for the brutalized African. This is the heroic example which unknown soldiers from the dusky ranks of Uganda have given the church of Christ on earth to-day.

Now no one, and say you don't believe in foreign missions. To say so, is to contradict the teaching of Christ's Church, even from her earliest days.

Few could read the sermon on "Refuges of Lies" without serious self-examination (page 149).

How many, how various, how strange, the refuges of lies man has invented! What a list of their forms might be named! Man has bidden God accept almost every gift He has given, instead of the surrendered personality. He craves to bless, and so longs to receive. Have we not brought Him feeling hearts instead of surrendered hearts? Sorrow for sin instead of sin given up? Resolutions formed, instead of good deeds done, and old undone? Religious duties performed, instead of good deeds done, and old undone? But without attempting to touch on these, let me say a few words of one to which I must turn our time and circumstances render us peculiarly exposed. Thousands find refuge in a religious emotionalism. . . . Amid the dim aisles of some cathedral, centuries old, where from dusky roof tattered flags depend, where waves of sweet music come to us round dark stone pillars, amid sculptured walls, where the soul knows a sense of soft delight, of spiritual sympathy, of religious rapture. This, surely, is truest, highest, religious feeling, we say to ourselves. This deep emotion is not of the world. This is the presence of the all-seeing Father of Spirits. Thus He speaks to His children.

Such moments are God's gift—should be moments of deep spiritual insight. But many a knee has bowed before architecture, music, solemn aisles and fretted roof, yielded their spell that knew nothing of the obedience revealed and made possible by Christ, and demanded by God. Countless souls have owned such times of rapture, and gone forth to destroy. Iron-hearted conquerors, whose God was the sword, who spared neither age nor sex, men of vast courage and determination, but of no religious principle whatever, have been so moved. Adventurers like Pizarro, monstrous and unattractive sinners such as Pope Alexander Borgia, tyrants such as Philip of Spain, or our own Henry VIII., all have yielded, and have thus fancied themselves near the kingdom of God, when they were nearer so near to so fitted for it as Judas Iscariot.

If this be true of the strong souls, who shall tell of the countless multitudes of weak, sensuous men and women who find in their religious emotionalism a refuge of lies? Aye, there is a vein of falseness in us all. There are certain aspects of truth unbecome to each. And because unbecome, we deal with them emotionally. Conscience affirms them; we stifle conscience.

### JASPER FOX'S THANKSGIVING.

BY LUCY WHELOCK.

Jasper Fox was standing at the edge of his corn-field, where he had been helping the hired man load up a cart of corn-stalks for the cattle. The man had driven away, and Mr. Fox had remained to select a particularly fine pumpkin from the store of golden fruit still hiding under the vines, which had furnished a carpet of green for the waving corn-field during the hot summer, and now remained in almost sole possession.

"I believe the pumpkins ripen as fast again after the corn is cut," said Mr. Fox to the hired man, and "I'll look around to find a nice, ripe one, for I'm uncommon fond of pumpkin pies, and Sarah says a great deal depends on the pumpkin. Women folks are rather apt to be right in their opinions, and I'll try to suit them this time."

But before the pumpkin had been chosen, the sound of wheels made Jasper look up from his search. He knew the old, white horse. It was Elder White, as people called him. Now everybody liked to see the elder and have a chat with him, so Jasper walked to the fence, and leaning against it lazily, waited for the white horse to come up.

Mr. White stopped, saying, "Good-day, Mr. Fox. Crops mostly in?"

"Yes," said Jasper. "Work is a little slower now. I harvested oats and rye last week, and to-day we've cut up about the last of the corn for fodder."

"It has been a good harvest this year," remarked the minister.

"First-rate," responded Jasper cheerfully. "The best grass-crop I've seen for many a long year. Why, I've filled my own barns just from the south meadow. I never saw the beat of that grass. A man could hardly wade through it."

"Glad to hear it, Jasper," said Mr. White warmly. "Glad to hear that you are so prosperous, for I feel more like proposing a plan we have in mind for the benefit of this community and the glory of God. The Lord has blessed us this year in barn and store-house, and as a thank-offering I am anxious to see a new house of worship begun. We have talked and prayed for years over this matter, and the old church has grown colder every winter and leaks more during every storm. Praying and talking alone never built a church yet, and I've started out this morning with a subscription paper. What will you do? You are one of our most prosperous farmers, and many will wait to see what you do."

Jasper Fox moved about uneasily from one foot to another, twirled his old straw hat round and round on his hand, and finally said slowly: "Well, you see, Elder, it's rather sudden to make up a man's mind. I ain't any great of a church man, and I thought maybe a few shingles would set the old church right. For the little I go, it's good enough for me."

"It is too late for a few shingles to mend the old church," said the minister decidedly. "We are going to have a new church in Welverly, and if you do not lend a hand, Jasper Fox, you have no peace of mind until you do! That's all I have to say. Good-day."

"The Elder is on a high horse to-day," said Jasper, rubbing his head; "but it don't frighten me none. I guess a man ain't obliged to give away well-earned money unless he pleases, and I shan't take much stock in this church business. I'll set about my own."

And he did; but he left the pumpkin lying in the field, and never thought of it until dinner time, when Mrs. Fox said in her brisk voice: "Well, Jasper, I hope you'll enjoy your pumpkin pies."

"I declare," said Mr. Fox, "I never thought again of that pumpkin."

"No, I judged you didn't," returned his better half. "Here I've been waiting with the kettle ready to stew that pumpkin all the morning. What did the Elder say to you that put it out of your mind?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Jasper uneasily.

"Much?" retorted Mrs. Fox promptly. "I warrant I saw the subscription for the new church, and from the way you answer I warrant you haven't signed a cent. I'll tell you, Jasper, if you don't subscribe, I shall, and I shall work and earn the money, and not one pumpkin pie do I make for you until it is paid."

"I suppose I can live without pumpkin pies," said Jasper in a would-be jocular tone; but in his heart he began to fear that Mr. White's wish might be realized.

"Sarah is a firm woman," he confided to the hired man, who had heard the conversation, "and it won't do any harm for her to see what she can do, nor will it make any difference to me."

When he went in to supper there was nothing but bread and butter. "It's good, wholesome food," said Mrs. Fox, "and I can't see any more butter for cake. I must sell as much as possible to go on my subscription."

"I don't see but that I shall be obliged to help pay for the church whether I wish or not," said Jasper with a faint laugh.

"Yes," said his wife, "and have the credit of refusing."

After milking Mr. Fox came into the sitting-room, expecting to find his wife with the paper ready to read to him as usual. But no, she was too busy to read, she said; she was anxious to finish a hooked rug she had begun.

"Does that go on the subscription paper, too?" asked her husband.

"Yes," was the reply, "we have decided to make half a dozen among us, and send to New York on sale."

Mr. Fox put on his slippers and drew a chair up to the light to read for himself; but he was too tired to finish the paper, and went early to bed.

The next morning he rode to another farm to see one of his tenants whose husband had recently died, and who wished to carry on the farm herself with the aid of two half-grown boys.

"It's a poor look-out for her," mused Jasper, as he drove up to the vine-covered farm-house. "She's a frail woman, and her boys aren't of much account; but I've a mind to let her try it."

He knocked at the front door, and as nobody came, he pushed on into the kitchen, whence came a delightful odor of preserving. The kitchen table was covered with glass jars and tumblers, and an enormous kettle of jelly was cooking on the stove.

"I declare!" cried Jasper. "What under the sun can you do with so much jelly?"

"It isn't for myself," said the little woman modestly. "Mrs. Squire Ransom has offered to buy all I will make, and I wanted to do something towards the new church, so I thought I might as well use up what crab-apples there are in this way."

"Dear me," said Jasper impatiently; "as if you didn't have enough to do to feed three hungry mouths without meddling with this nonsense."

"Nonsense?" replied the little woman in surprise. "It was our Lord Himself who blessed the widow's mite, and I am sure that my children will be none the poorer for the little I can do."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Fox again, and strode away so wrathfully that he forgot the errand on which he came.

He drove to the blacksmith's shop, and as he was waiting for his horse to be shod, a chubby boy of eight or nine came out of the house, dragging a little cart in which lay two large watermelons.

"Buy a watermelon?" said the little voice persuasively.

"Gone into business, have you?" said Mr. Fox, good-naturedly. "Who set you up?"

"Oh," answered the child simply, "I'm selling them for the church; mother said I might."

"Church! church!" said the man roughly. "Nothing but the church."

But, seeing the child's disappointed face, he said more kindly: "Yes, little fellow, I'll buy a melon. Here's your money."

"I hope I'll never hear church mentioned again," muttered Jasper, as he drove home. And he said the same thing to his wife, when she told him of the generous contribution of a summer visitor who was just leaving the village.

"Well, Jasper," was the firm reply, "if you would do your duty, you would take as much comfort in hearing of these helps as I do, and you won't have any peace of mind until you do."

"Just what the Elder said," grumbled Jasper; "and I begin to think I shan't, if everybody keeps at me."

A few weeks later, and the site for the new structure was selected, and men were drawing stones and lumber, ready to begin work in the spring. Jasper Fox went to the village as little as possible. Every stick of timber seemed to look reproachfully at him.

"Do you know that Thanksgiving comes next week?" he said one evening to his wife. "There's a fine pumpkin in the cellar for the pies. Thanksgiving wouldn't be Thanksgiving without pumpkin pies. I've had them ever since I was a boy."

"Jasper Fox," returned Mrs. Fox briskly, "you know very well that I won't make any pumpkin pies for this year, or next year, unless you come around and help me in my work; and I know, Jasper, that you can't have a real Thanksgiving until you do what you ought for the house of God, and what you know you ought to do."

About midnight Mr. Fox was roused from sleep by a knocking at the door and a voice calling, "Mr. Fox! Mr. Fox! Old Mr. Byles is dying, and wants to see you." Jasper dressed hurriedly and followed the boy. As he entered the house of his nearest neighbor, he saw that Mr. Byles was indeed near his end.

"I can't last much longer, and I've sent for you, Jasper Fox, to tell you some things I wish done. You're to be administrator of my estate, and you understand about the business; but as I've been suffering here to-night, I've thought of many other things. I've been a hard, close man, and have looked out for the main chance, and I haven't many pleasant things to recall now. When they came to me about the new church, I said, 'No, as you did; but now I feel as if I'd like to invest a little money there. You'll find five hundred dollars in cash in the left-hand bureau drawer there. Take it to-night, and put it on that account. I may not last till morning."

The old man gave some other directions, and then his feeble strength failed. In the gray of the morning the lamp of life flickered and went out, and Jasper Fox went home with the solemn face of a man who has been brought near to the invisible.

After breakfast he harnessed the old gray, and drove to the village. He came home with a more cheerful countenance, and went directly to his wife, saying:—

"Well, Sarah, I've been over and paid in old Mr. Byles' five hundred to the church committee, and I added another five hundred on my own account, so I hope you'll close up that score with me."

"I knew you would do it in the end," said Mrs. Fox joyfully. "And I know you've been sorry all along that you didn't do something, and I can see it's a load off your mind. Now we can keep a real Thanksgiving, and you will have peace of mind as well as a thankful heart."

"And I suppose you'll give me a pumpkin pie?" said Jasper laughing.

"A dozen, if you like," was the answer, "and the best I can make."

### CAMP-MEETING JOHN ALLEN.

BY REV. W. McDONALD.

[Concluded.]

Having given a brief sketch of Allen, we cannot dismiss the subject without some reference to his marked characteristics, and the experiences which distinguished his life and labors.

1. We have already intimated that he was not a man of large natural or acquired ability. He was not intellectually profound, nor scholastically learned. But there was one redeeming feature about it—he knew it, and was humble enough to acknowledge it. And he often made this fact tell with prodigious effect. It was readily seen by

all, that though he claimed and possessed none of the ornaments of culture, he was, nevertheless, a natural genius.

2. He excelled in good humor and genuine, sparkling wit, which was always at command. He was never at a loss for an answer, and such an answer as sent his assailant staggering to the wall; and yet it was done with such good humor as made his opponent feel rather glad on the whole that he had been the occasion of developing so much of genuine, sparkling genius.

As an example of his readiness on such occasions, his reply to a Baptist minister is in point. A ministerial association was being held in Farmington, where Bro. Allen resided. The question up for discussion related to the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In a general talk the brethren were giving free expression to their views on the subject. The Baptist minister of the town being present, was politely invited to express his opinion. He did so, in a gentlemanly manner, saying that there were some things about the Methodist economy which he liked; but, on the whole, much preferred that of the Baptist Church. He thought it much more simple, and not encumbered with as much machinery as the Methodist Church. This was too good a chance for Bro. Allen to let pass. He arose and said: "It is true, as the brother has said, there is more machinery in the Methodist than in the Baptist Church, but I want my brother to understand that it does not take as much water to run it as it does to run the Baptist." There was no answer to be made to such a reply, and really no offense could be taken to it, as it was made with his invariable good humor.

A lawyer, who was opposed to him in politics, said to him, just before an election: "Mr. Allen, what side are you going to vote on, for I have made up my mind to vote against you?"

"Well," said John, "I am going to vote on the right side; which side are you going to vote on?" "Ah!" said the lawyer, "you have got me this time."

3. He was a natural elocutionist. We doubt if the man lives who could excel John Allen in the naturalness with which he could recite a chapter from the Bible, or a hymn from the hymn-book. It was no effort at imitating a professor, but purely original and eminently natural. One felt, on hearing him, that he must have been inspired, for he not only read the Word of God, but he seemed to give the sense so clearly, that the most uncultured could not fail to understand it fully. It seemed that if the Bible could be read in that manner, commentaries would hardly be necessary. His nephew, Dr. C. F. Allen, in a brief obituary, very justly says: "His recitations of Scripture were strikingly impressive and natural. They seemed like new inspirations, and charmed alike the cultivated and the rude auditors by the wonderful elocution not taught in the schools."

How often at a camp-meeting have we heard him, at the close of a full sermon, spring to his feet, and in thrilling tones repeat: "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" or, "Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast." At once every eye would be fixed upon him, and smiles, tears and hearty amens would come from every side, and the whole face of things would change, as nature, parched and dusty, is freshened and cleansed by a copious shower.

He often repeated hymns with telling effect, as a mode of reproof. As an example: When he was chaplain of the Maine State Legislature, a sort of bogus assembly, which, by doing many things it ought not to have done, and leaving undone many things it should have done, had become perfectly disgusting to Bro. Allen, he was called upon to make the closing prayer of the session; and as he concluded his brief prayer, he arose and said, in his inimitable style:—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come!  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

The appropriateness of the hymn, and its application to the audience, did not need any enforcement.

4. Bro. Allen was a most enthusiastic temperance advocate. On that subject he was always at home. He espoused the Washingtonian cause, and did all he could to help it forward. He was an ardent Maine Law advocate.

Whenever he spoke, the congregation was sure to be convulsed with laughter. His facts and anecdotes were always sure to pierce the joints of the rumrunner's harness. It is true he could not reason like Neal Dow, nor had he the dramatic power of Gough; but he could relate an incident, tell an anecdote, repeat a Scripture text or a hymn, and get off a humorous argument, which always carried the crowd. How often have we heard him on such occasions, after able speeches had been made, perfectly electrify the crowd by his stout, sharp, witty, burning words. There were few men that the people were more delighted to hear, thirty years ago, than John Allen.

5. As a preacher, Bro. Allen was himself. He patterned after no one. He followed no model but his own. He was never known to be profound—never went beyond his depth. No one went away from listening to Camp-meeting John Allen, murmuring, "It was good, no doubt, but it was too deep for me." He was not open to the charge

which Robert Hall brought against Dr. Gill, the commentator. Mr. Hall was once asked if he did not think that Dr. Gill's writings were deep. "Yes," was the reply, "I think they must be, for I was never able to find the bottom of them."

As a preacher Bro. Allen was plain, simple, direct, and experimental. He was always ready to do as well as he could. A text from which he preached more frequently than from any other, was: "As much as in me is, I am ready." In his palmy days he possessed an excellent voice for music, which he used to good effect on opening and closing his sermons. His children were gifted in this particular, and his granddaughter, Lillian Norton, has acquired a world-wide fame as a vocalist.

6. Bro. Allen was a religious man. With all his wit and humor, he was deeply pious. In his early religious life, like most Methodist preachers of those days, he heartily embraced the doctrine, and entered into the experience of entire sanctification. But like too many, then and now, he did not retain the experience. Several times during his ministerial life he professed to have regained the experience. Whether enjoying it or not, he always defended the doctrine as the "central idea" of Methodism.

Up to 1867 his experience was neither uniform nor satisfactory. At that time a new movement was inaugurated. Rev. Geo. M. C. Roberts, of Baltimore, Rev. A. E. Ballard, a presiding elder of the New Jersey Conference, Rev. R. V. Lawrence, of the same Conference, Rev. B. M. Adams, and Rev. John S. Inskip, of the New York East Conference, Rev. Andrew Longacre and Rev. Alfred Cookman, with many others, united in a call for a national camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, to be held at Vineland, N. J., July 17, 1867. That call came under the eye of Bro. Allen, and at once he resolved to attend, and did so, being the only representative from Maine.

Among other representative men of the church, he found Bishop Simpson there, with his family, including a wayward son, who at that meeting was soundly converted to God, and dying a few months later, said to his mother: "I shall praise God to all eternity for the Vineland national camp-meeting."

It was at Vineland that Bro. Allen regained his lost blessing—a pure heart. With a soul inflamed with this fresh experience, he hastened to his home in Maine to tell of the rich treasure he had found at the national camp-meeting. His wife, who had known something of his vacillations in the past, said to him: "John, I shall watch you now, and see if your life corresponds with your profession." She did watch him, and after some months, when asked if he kept his temper, replied, that once during the time, while adjusting a stove and getting his toes badly hurt, she thought he stepped around a little more lively than usual, giving evidence that he was not as devoted as when leading a prayer-meeting. That he might have a little more freedom than he could have in the church, he procured a good-sized tent, pitched it in his garden, and held meetings in it almost daily. In this tent—much like Paul's own hired house—he preached the Wesleyan gospel of full salvation to his Farmington friends; and for twenty years he has declared this great truth, this blessed experience, in all parts of New England, and often beyond. He has been in season and out of season—always telling what great things God did for him at the Vineland national camp-meeting.

7. He was properly named "Camp-meeting John." He attended more camp-meetings than any other man, living or dead, reaching the number of 376. They had special charms for him, and he was ever at home in such gatherings.

He left Boston to attend a camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness in Epping, N. H. The train failed to stop at Newmarket Junction, and carried him by. Remembering that a camp-meeting was in progress at his old and favored resort, East Livermore, Maine, he concluded to go on and attend that meeting, and return in time to spend a day or two at Epping. But God ordered otherwise. The chariot met him at East Livermore, on a camp-ground he himself had projected some thirty-seven years before, and near his old home, Farmington, where his body was to find its last resting-place.

And what place more appropriate for Camp-meeting John Allen to die than on a camp-ground, during the progress of the meeting? It was at a camp-meeting, the first he ever attended, that he was converted. At the first national camp-meeting ever held, he finally regained the lost blessing of heart purity. It was from a camp-meeting that he was finally taken to the city of the great King.

His death, though not unexpected, was sudden; but he fell like a brave warrior, on the battlefield, in the midst of the fight, and was borne from the field by his comrades in arms, who bestowed upon him royal honors, and laid him to rest where

"No sound shall awake him  
To conflict again."  
Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory!

"O may we triumph so,  
When all our warfare's past,  
And, dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last."

[8]  
HEAD  
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of the wheat are  
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# Miscellaneous.

## TRAFFIC IN CHURCHES.

BY REV. C. MURPHY.

Some churches traffic in souls. Witness the following, taken from the report of an entertainment in the City Hall in Portland, Me., recently:—

"The ladies of the Church of the Messiah happy!—The Messiah will be a very profitable affair for the Church of the Messiah. The City Hall was crowded. The dances were novel, graceful, expressive... and storms of applause obliged the repetition of each. Let some church give us another Messiah."

To appreciate this, please notice that the paper from which this is taken, is well known and commonly recognized in political and religious circles as an organ of the firm of Diabolous & Co. And it is very evident that "the Messiah" of that particular "church" is the chief partner of that firm, who was made particularly happy by the ladies of that church by their "fancy dances" for old and young. Also, as the dance with its environments is undeniably a procurer of hell, the quality of the whole business is manifest, and the bitter irony in the invitation for some other church to engage in it, shows the contempt which Satan himself feels for such churches, at the very time he is sending his cards of invitation to a co-partnership.

But there is traffic in churches, or houses consecrated to God. Traffic is the transfer of goods or commodities for an expressed or accepted equivalent in money or goods. Goods and commodities are those material objects which are recognized as articles of trade. Trade is a matter of necessity, convenience, pleasure, profit, or benevolence. The simple question before us now is the right or wrong of any traffic in such commodities in any part of the house of God. Our discussion is limited to the testimony of Christ in John 2:13-16 and Mark 11:15-17. These passages, according to Clarke, Alford, Bengel, Calvin, Mede, Lardner, Hurd, Newcome, and others, speak of two acts of the Saviour, one at the beginning, the other at the close, of His public ministry. Bengel says: "In the early part of His ministry Jesus purified the temple (John 2:14). But the profane returned, and now near the end of His course He purifies it once more, though it is soon to be destroyed." Clarke says: "The vindication of God's house from profanation was the first and last care of our Lord; and it is probable that He began and finished His public ministry by this significant act."

The record of the first cleansing of the Temple is this: "The Jews' pass-over was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves and the changers of money, sitting [i.e., at their business]. And when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables, and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise" (John 2:13-16). Merchandise is either the act of trading or the object traded—whatever is usually bought or sold in trade. Christ's action indicates intense indignation on His part at something; and the fact that He repeated it only about two days before His death, shows that something was intensely abhorrent to Him. What was it?

1. The place was the outer court, or court of the Gentiles, called the temple, because it was a part of the sacred enclosure, though not of the temple building. 2. The thing condemned by the Saviour was not the presence of the oxen, sheep, and doves, for they formed a part of the sacrifices required by the law. 3. Neither were the acts of buying and selling and money changing in the proper places of such traffic condemned. The motive of the operators may have been good or bad. The objects traded—oxen, sheep, doves—were absolutely necessary to the maintenance of public worship in that place. It could not go on without them. Money-changers were also a necessity, for foreign coin could not be taken to pay the temple tax, and thousands of Jews were there from foreign lands with foreign coins. The arrangement, also, was a public convenience—a very great convenience to hundreds of thousands annually.

What, then, aroused His indignation to a degree never equalled in His life for any other sin? Simply what all the records say, Jesus found them "in the temple" at their traffic. Therefore He drove them "out of the temple." All admit that the word "temple" included not only the sacred building, but the sacred enclosures around it, three or four in number, and that the place where this traffic was operated was the outer and lowest court, or court of the Gentiles. Christ drove them out of that and with a scourge; and "He drove them all out"—men and oxen and sheep and money-changers—and He said to them that sold doves, "Take these things hence." Why? Because they had made the place a place of buying and selling. His own words, and the only words which He then uttered as the reason of His course, were these: "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." At this time Christ said not a word as to the motive or mode of the business as the reason of His intense indignation—only the fact of traffic in a place which was consecrated to God. That, and that only, was the very point of His condemnation. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Some evade the force of this testimony by saying: "We do not take oxen and sheep into the house of God, and therefore the case is not parallel." Answer: 1. Neither did they take them into the sacred building, only into the outer court or open space at the foot of the hill upon which the temple proper

stood. 2. The Saviour's objection was not the fact that those animals were there, but that they were "bought and sold" there. They were a necessity of the temple service, and of course must be there. 3. Christ did not restrict His condemnation to the sale of animals, doves, or those money-changers, but extended it by express terms to all "merchandise" whatsoever. And merchandise means here, not any one class of objects, but the act and fact of selling or traffic.

Others attempt to break the point of Christ's words and act here by assuming that the point of His attack was dishonesty in their traffic. But there is not a word even hinting any such thing in the record before us. Read it again. The only reason assigned by the Saviour at that time for driving them out was the one fact that they had made His "Father's house a house of merchandise," or traffic. He does not say dishonest traffic, but traffic; and the traffic condemned was not only a great public convenience, but was a mode of supplying that without which the temple service could not even begin.

About two years later, Christ drove them out a second time, and laid bare their sin in more startling terms; but that only emphasizes the law laid down at the beginning of His ministry touching the sacredness of His house. In Mark 11:15-17, we find the account of this second purification of the temple only a few days before Christ's death. It is substantially the same as that by John, with this significant addition: "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." Prayer is here put for the whole of divine worship. My house, i.e., God's house, is to be sacred to that worship. This law binds in "all nations," all races and times, to the end of the world. Hence the solemn services by which our churches are publicly dedicated to God for His worship; hence the public professions of building "a house of God" and for "His worship," in all solicitations of funds for churches. How many of those churches now used for the worship of God and for oyster suppers and feasting and frolic, were built with that purpose openly avowed in advance? Let any one try to build on that plan if they dare, and report results. No. The profession put forth is—a house of worship, to be dedicated to God for that purpose. That is the profession. That, and is, and ever will be, Christ's plan. But, said He to those who bought and sold in His house, "Ye have made it a den of thieves." How? Not by cheating each other; nothing of that sort is intimated; though if Christ were on earth now, and should look in upon some church entertainments, He probably would see much even of that going on at times. As, for example, when the lord mayor of ice cream and oysters in a church festival issues orders to increase the number by decreasing the quantity, and thus reduces the goods below a fair equivalent for the money paid. His words, "ye have made my house a den of thieves," would express a scandalous fact of our time, but never dreamed of by those sinners whom He drove out of His temple with a scourge of small cords. There is no room to doubt that if Christ were now on earth and had to deal with some engineer some church entertainments, He would not only drive them out of His house, but He would double the size of the cords for His scourge. Those sinners robbed God of His honor and His house and worship of its sanctity in the eyes of the people by introducing and mixing sacred and secular things and by using His house for purposes never intended. But these sinners not only do that, but they steal oysters from their patrons, and that in the house of God!

Conclusion: If Christ had such indignation against those sinners, what must be His estimate of those who use His house for fun and feasting, for shows and shoddy?

## FROM THE AMAZON VALLEY.

BY REV. ALBERT G. SMITH.

We have read with keenest interest Bishop Fowler's South American letters in the New York Christian Advocate, but have not ceased regretting that circumstances were not such as to permit the Bishop visiting Brazil. Never were truer or more inspiring words expressed than those concluding his last letter: "South America lies open before us. We can enter and make another Protestant nation. Who will answer for us if we neglect this chance?"

The vast region drained by the river Amazon and its tributaries is one of the open fields to which reference is made, having an area one-third the size of the United States, or 1,008,698 square miles, and a population of 2,000,000 souls, all of whom enjoy a people's richest blessing—religious freedom. The Catholic is the established church, but its power is waning, disgust being openly expressed alike by rich and poor for all its hollow mockeries. Until four months ago, God has been carrying on the battle with the aid of just one man. Upon our arrival, Rev. Justin H. Nelson, a graduate of Boston University, was found, like John the Baptist in the Wilderness, preparing the way of the Lord. The only Protestant missionary in the valley, Bro. Nelson has for seven years supported himself by teaching English; and with no other help than that of God, he has established at Para a Methodist Church with a present membership of thirty and a Sunday-school of fifty-seven. Two exhorters God has also raised up from their midst.

Never to our dying day shall we forget the welcome we received. We had been standing on the deck of our incoming ship looking at the lofty city towers seen throughout the city, each proclaiming the power of Rome. As, lost in contemplation, these massive

structures seemed to frown on us and mock at our presumptuous enterprise, then it was our worthy brother came on board the "Hero of the Amazon." His words and those of his faithful wife were these: "We have waited so long to see this day."

Para, the key of the situation, is taken, and to-day is held in the name of the Lord of hosts. With a population variously estimated from 70,000 to 100,000, the gateway of the Amazon trade, and the rising metropolis of Brazil, one can imagine Para's importance by the appearance of her harbor. Steamships and sailing vessels of every nation crowd and loathe one another coming, going, staying long enough to discharge their freight and take on board more valuable cargoes, and then making room for others ever ready to take their place. Viewed from the water front, its majestic royal palms waving friendly welcomes to the stranger, and the red-tiled houses gay in all the colors of the rainbow, make a quite attractive sight. In the older portions, streets are narrow, crooked, and given almost wholly up to mercantile houses and numerous banks. Here the walks are narrow, so that in many places two can hardly pass. From preference many choose walking in the middle of the street. Further from the centre many of the streets are paved and broad, some comparing well with those of northern climes. On such streets the sidewalks, too, are wide and neatly flagged.

All new comers are surprised to find in active operation the telephone and telegraph; horse-cars, also, which are patronized quite as much as the cars in the United States. And then the narrow streets, which every one so ridicules at first, are lighted by about two thousand gas jets, and are underlain by miles of gas and water pipes. Planos, too, are very common, and American sewing machines are found in almost every house. There are six dailies and four weekly papers also published in the place.

And yet there is another point of view; and side by side with the modern inventions mentioned, we must write likewise of numerous houses built of mud and thatched with leaves. Many do not have a single window; and others a little better off have shutters without a single window pane. Nearly all this class of houses have mud floors. Now to complete the picture, imagine black and white nude children playing in the doorways and upon the streets, on which, also, and wandering across the horse-car tracks already mentioned, mules and sheep, hogs, chickens and unnumbered hosts of dogs, run loose. In other words, to one of northern education, paganism and civilization seem strangely mixed. Although directly under the equator, this land is not so warm as one would think, the daily average being 80 degrees, and 72 degrees to 92 degrees the annual range. Not a case of sunstroke has ever been known within the valley; and this is accounted for by remembering that we have a constant breeze—the trade winds from the east—and almost every day refreshing showers. Regarding health, remember I do not say a word for Rio Janeiro or any other south Brazilian port, but strictly speak concerning the Amazon Valley. Sanitary regulations are being more and more observed. To-day one is about as safe here as in any part of the known world; and, indeed, if one observes precautionary steps and avoids excess, this is the healthiest portion of the habitable globe.

But this people need salvation, and it is found that railroads, telegraphs and telephones cannot do the work. "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Already there are half a dozen cities on the Amazon, not counting villages and towns, in each of which support is sure, and all await the coming of Christ's messenger. With earnestness and devotedness to the work of saving souls, a knowledge of the Latin also is invaluable as helping in the study of the Portuguese, the language of Brazil. If possible, one should also bring a true, devoted wife. To all such men success is certain, and as present in this field the godly satisfaction can be felt that here one's labor tells for that of ten elsewhere.

## Para, Brazil.

The God above! what can we say  
Or do, with eyes so dim,  
To make this Thursday-Sabbath day  
Thanksgiving Day to Him?  
What love, though grace and beauty clad,  
Can thrill to Him impart  
Who all the ways has led  
Of every brain-forged heart?  
What can we sing to One whose verse  
Eternal song unbars?  
What love to Him whose cloud-fringed purse  
Is crammed with gleaming stars?

A doubly pious wish consists,  
When we our thanks would bring,  
In recollecting He exists  
In every living thing;  
That when or man or beast we touch  
With pity-helping care,  
"Thine know in heaven just as much  
As if we did it here;  
Of any grief is heard,  
Heaven's wondrous gold-folled phonograph  
Is taking every word;  
That when a heart the earth-heart serves  
Of diamond or clod,  
It thrills the universe's nerves,  
And glads the soul of God.

—Will Carleton.

## The Conferences.

### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

#### PROVIDENCE DISTRICT.

Rev. S. H. Day, pastor of the Methodist Church, Bristol, held a memorial service in the church, Sunday evening, Nov. 6, in honor of the late J. B. Finch. Bro. D. gave an eloquent and well-deserved tribute to the departed Christian temperance worker.

Three persons were forward for prayers at the *Abury Memorial Church*, besides several backsliders, Tuesday evening, Nov. 8.

Rev. W. H. Allen, pastor of the Methodist Church, Phenix, is convalescent,

and by the advice of his physician is away on a short vacation.

The Baptist and Methodist Churches in Wickford are holding union revival services.

Rev. D. A. Jordan read a paper on "The Use of the Bible in the Sunday-school," in the Rhode Island State Sunday-school convention. Rev. H. Montgomery addressed the convention on temperance work.

One of the Providence pastors has a call to a Western Conference, with a strong inclination to accept. He is just the kind of man we want to keep.

Rev. J. Oldham, pastor of the Methodist Church, Stoughton, Mass., received four in full connection, eight on probation, and baptized five, Sunday, Nov. 6. Dec. 5, the 21st anniversary of the dedication of the church, and the 75th of the introduction of Methodism into Stoughton, are to be celebrated with appropriate religious services.

Four infants were baptized, Sunday, Nov. 6, in Haven Church, East Providence, by Rev. W. H. Starr.

The First Methodist Church in Pawtucket is about to rejoice in the possession of a new and well-located parsonage. The old parsonage and property were sold some months ago, and a new site on High Street purchased. It is in the best part of the city, and convenient to the church—only about five minutes' walk away. The new parsonage is nearly finished. It will be ready for occupancy about the first of December. Under the pastorate of Rev. A. W. Kingsley, the church and Sunday-school, and all the interests of the society, are flourishing. The meetings are well attended, and some are seeking and finding pardon and peace. A plan for protracted meetings is in contemplation. The Lord is with His people here.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

#### DOVER DISTRICT.

A very fine Chautauqua Circle has been started at Rochester, all its members being of the class of '91. Rev. C. W. Bradlee is president. Affairs in the church at Rochester are very encouraging, and they are hoping for an awakening during the winter.

A large wind engine and water tank are being erected at East Epping station by the Concord railroad. A well has been driven, fifty feet deep. This is to accommodate all the trains on the road, and will be of special benefit to the train that runs during camp-meeting week. It is not improbable that a new depot may be erected before next summer. It would add very greatly to the attractiveness of the place, as well as the convenience. The committee appointed last summer to lay out the new lots have about completed their work. They hope soon to have plans ready to exhibit. A tour of the grounds made by your correspondent a few days ago shows everything in good condition. Cottages are all safe and in good repair.

For four weeks ending Monday evening, Nov. 7, Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, as singers, has been conducting evangelistic meetings in Amesbury; the two Congregational, the Baptist, Methodist and Free Baptist churches uniting. These meetings have been of very great profit. Large audiences have gathered, both afternoons and evenings, to listen to the clear, logical, convincing presentation of the truth as it is in Christ. From first to last the meetings have been free from excitement. Forceful arguments and earnest appeals have been made for men and women to accept what has been provided for them in Christ Jesus, and more than one hundred and fifty have in the public congregations responded to the appeals, and many believers have been quickened and strengthened in faith. The afternoons have been given to "Bible readings," or lectures, which have been of very great interest to all who have heard them. Christ has been the central thought of all these services. The Bible as the Word of God, pointing to Christ from beginning to end, has been opened to the clearer understanding of every Bible scholar, and the great pleasure of all who heard them. Dr. Pentecost was called from Amesbury to his home in New Jersey, on account of the illness of his son-in-law, who, by advice of his physician, must at once seek a change of climate. The young man goes to southern California, and the Doctor and his co-laborers commenced a series of meetings in Augusta, Sunday, Nov. 13. The work in Amesbury is to be continued for a time by Rev. A. B. Earle, of Boston, who commenced labor, Thursday, Nov. 10.

#### CLAREMONT DISTRICT.

Rev. L. R. Danforth, who has so successfully inaugurated the second church at Goffstown, was the victim of a surprise visit from his people on the evening of Oct. 27. They came from Goffstown Centre and the West Village to the number of nearly seventy-five, each one bringing with them a bundle of goods. The evening was pleasantly spent in song and conversation, and when the company had taken their departure, they found remaining a large quantity of useful articles.

### VERMONT CONFERENCE.

#### ST. ALBANS DISTRICT.

Bro. Bowen, at Cambridge, is beautifying the church with a new coat of paint, the funds for which he has raised by a personal canvass.

At Eden, Bro. W. P. Marshall, the pastor, has been assisted in special revival services by Bros. Vail and Hyde.

#### SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.

Rev. C. P. Flanders, a highly-esteemed superannuated member of the Conference, acceptably supplied the pulpit of the Congregational Church at Hartland on a recent Sabbath. The

pastor of the M. E. Church at that place is vigorously pushing the work by means of out-district meetings.

The Windsor County Sunday-school Association will hold its annual session at the Methodist Church, White River Junction, Nov. 16 and 17. Among the speakers are Revs. A. L. Cooper, R. Morgan, and R. L. Bruce, all of whom are pastors within the limits of Springfield District. A meeting of great interest is expected.

The South Royalton parsonage has been improved by two coats of paint on the exterior and one coat on a portion of the interior, the colors on the outside being straw and Pompeian red. This work was done under the auspices of the Young People's Society. The same society recently secured the services of Rev. E. W. Culver, of St. Albans, who delivered a humorous and instructive lecture to a good audience. On the return of the pastor and wife to the missionary convention at Newport, they found that some generous but unknown friend had placed in the parsonage sitting-room an elegant Singer sewing machine. Grateful surprise is but a poor expression of their feelings when the gift was discovered.

The last Sunday in October was an interesting day at White River Junction. The pastor preached from, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and took three children into full membership, one of them being his youngest son. On the following week Bro. Bruce made a flying trip to his old home at Stoneham, Mass.

Harvest Home Sunday was successfully observed at West Fairlee. The regular printed programmes were used, both forenoon and afternoon, both services being well attended, the evening audience unusually large. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and flowers; the children entered heartily into the services; and the collection showed that the people in attendance were interested in the cause.

#### Wardboro has struck the Million line for 1888.

Nov. 6 was missionary day. The pastor preached a rousing sermon in the morning, and the Sunday-school gave a concert in the evening, the music being from the missionary edition of "Hymns of the Heart." The venerable Bro. Wells gave an old-time exhortation, and the collection counted up \$35—\$5 in excess of the appropriation.

The following has been received from the pastor of our church at Perkinsville, as a fuller and more correct statement of the repairs now in progress on the church edifice in that place:—

"The church at Perkinsville has been greatly improved. Eighteen years ago extensive and thorough repairs were in progress when, in the great freshet of '69, the shop containing the sash for new windows was destroyed, stopping the work, and leaving glass and other materials on hand, and quite a heavy debt for so small a society. The last of that indebtedness was removed, and the church reshingled during the pastorate of Rev. F. W. Lewis, thus preparing the way for refitting and furnishing the audience-room. A large part of this has now been done. The new windows are now in place. The walls and ceiling have been newly kalsomined in four separate shades with neat borders, center-piece, and a cross in the arch back of the desk. A new orchestra has been fitted up at the right hand of the desk, the altar finished with a good rail, and the whole house arrayed. The desk, rails and all the furniture have been dressed over and varnished; and when new window shades are in place, as they will be in a few days, it will be a neat, pleasant room. A new organ will be added in the course of the winter. We are paying all bills as we go along, so there will be no indebtedness to embarrass the church. We hope to be able to make other announcements when all is completed."

RETLAW.

### MAINE CONFERENCE.

#### PORTLAND DISTRICT.

*West Scarborough*.—Bro. M. B. Pratt is still encouraged by seeing a good degree of prosperity in this charge. Two have been received on probation during the quarter, and one by letter. The Sabbath-school evidences increased interest; the class-meeting is more fully attended; the preacher's and presiding elder's salaries are more promptly paid; the Sunday-school is organized into a temperance society; the social meetings and gatherings are full of life. Repairs on the parsonage add to the comfort and convenience of the preacher and wife. The charge is in a healthy condition.

*Old Orchard and Saco Ferry*.—Bro. H. B. Mitchell, who through sickness in his family has been for some time unable to reside in Saco, has now moved to Old Orchard, and hopes by more immediate and constant intercourse with his people to see a yet larger degree of prosperity on his charge. One has been received on probation, and three have been baptized. At the quarterly conference the committee on temperance made a full and encouraging report.

*Saco*.—This church is about to sustain a severe loss in the removal of its esteemed treasurer, Captain York, and Dr. and Mrs. Hall, all of whom remove to Massachusetts. Yet others are coming. During the late revival efforts, several requested prayers, and there is the prospect of a gracious gathering to the church. Bro. A. W. Pottle and family are finding green pastures and still waters among this good people.

*Biddeford*.—Though summer visitors are gone and summer beauty and attractions have passed, it is finding that autumn time is not devoid of worth to the church. Five have been received into full membership, three on probation, and two have been baptized. Bro. Nixon is hopeful and active.

*Oak Ridge and South Biddeford* are looking up. The latter is about to renovate its church. The old, high-backed, straight-backed, and narrow-seated pews are to be replaced by something modern and comfortable; the platform and desk altered, and the walls and ceiling cleaned and colored. New windows have enlightened the place and the countenances of the worshippers. Biddeford, as is fitting, comes again to the help of its aged mother in a generous donation of money. The godly spirit and example of Bro. S. D.

Brown are having a very salutary effect upon the community at large.

*Biddeford*.—This church, the second in the Conference as to numbers, is still full of vigor and enterprise. During the quarter, eight have been received from probation and two by letter, and at the time of the quarterly conference, as the result of special services, eight had risen requesting prayers. One of the problems pressing upon the church is the Catholic question. Several French Catholics have been converted lately, and have identified themselves with this society. More are coming; and the question is: Who shall train them for life and usefulness? A French Protestant missionary is needed, or soon will be. The church that can supply the need will reap the benefit.

*Cornish*.—This village, situated in the valley of the Great Ossipee, at its junction with the Saco, is the centre of trade for a large area of agricultural and rural population surrounding it. At present the Methodist is the only church that has a pastor. The Free Baptist is closed; the Congregational is in search of a preacher. Bro. J. Wright is abundant in labors and fervent in spirit. The community is beginning to feel the effects of his ardent devotion, and the church is putting on beautiful garments. Two have been converted, and twelve have attained the experience of perfect love. A new church, in a more convenient situation, is among the things that are seriously contemplated here. The place was made lively last week by the yearly musical convention under the direction of Dr. J. T. Wedgwood. The chorus consisted of about eighty voices. Among the pieces rendered was Dudley Buck's 46th Psalm, which the other pieces called forth the hearty applause and entores of the assembly.

*Baldwin*.—By the enterprise of its pastor, Rev. D. Pratt, the church edifice, which had fallen considerably into decay, is being renovated at a cost of \$300, all of which has been provided. It has been plastered throughout, the pews painted and grained, the singing gallery placed at the right of the preacher, and all the pews are to be carpeted. A new and beautiful desk has been provided for the preacher, and the whole presents a very attractive appearance.

*North Baldwin* has one of the prettiest chapels in the district, and the presiding elder has the privilege recently of preaching to a full and attentive audience.

W. S. J.

## Our Book Table.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has interrupted the regular progress of his great historical work on the Pacific States to give an elaborate account of the seizure of the administration of law out of the hands of the constituted authorities in California, and its execution by a self-appointed commission. The carefully prepared record of these violent episodes in the history, especially of the city of San Francisco, has filled two large octavo volumes. The second, which has just been issued, forms the third volume of the projected series, and is devoted to the acts of the "Grand Tribunal" organized by the citizens of San Francisco in 1866. The occasion of it, the failure of the appointed magistrates to administer justice, the demoralized politics of the State, the number of prowling vagabonds and the rampant character of crime, are fully described. The volume sketches the characteristics of those composing the great popular tribunal, with living pictures of the leading men, the progress of the movement, the changes in public sentiment, the discussions of the press, the trials and sentences, with the final wholesome results—all this is fully presented in this very interesting volume. Mr. Bancroft has gathered his materials with great painstaking from perishable and perishing sources, and has given a very satisfactory account of one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the country—a unique event when the lawlessness was curbed by a breach of law, and an unhealthy and dangerous condition of society was cured by temporary and very violent, but wisely guided, illegal measures. The closing chapter gives a history of the "sanctuary" riots in 1877-8, and the manner in which they were put down. A very considerable space is thus given to these peculiar incidents in the history of the great Pacific States. The closing chapter gives a history of the "sanctuary" riots in 1877-8, and the manner in which they were put down. A very considerable space is thus given to these peculiar incidents in the history of the great Pacific States. The closing chapter gives a history of the "sanctuary" riots in 1877-8, and the manner in which they were put down. A very considerable space is thus given to these peculiar incidents in the history of the great Pacific States.

*A STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE*, by James Baldwin, illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2. The writer has prepared a most attractive and readable volume for young students just entering upon classic studies, preparing the way to understand and enjoy Homer better, by giving the legends as to the causes of the Trojan war, and telling the story of the boyhood of the hero of the Odyssey.

*HER ONLY SON*, by Heshia Stretton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 16mo. This is a very touching story, told with much pathos, of a recovered prodigal.

*JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK, ISSUES THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF HIS CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE*. As the work is arranged alphabetically rather than chronologically, the volume is brought down to Ferrier, Susan Edmonstone. Price in cloth 50 cents a volume; to be completed in fifteen or twenty volumes.

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* issue, in a neat volume, the inimitable stories of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, first published in the *Independent*, entitled *OLD MAIDS, AND BURGERS IN PARADISE*. The *Tell* deserve the attractive and permanent form in which they now appear. Their rare humor will bear often reading. \$1.25.

*SOCIAL EQUILIBRIUM AND OTHER PROBLEMS, ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS*, by George Batcher. Boston: George H. Ellis. 8vo, 286 pp. This thoughtful volume of essays considers the remotest controversies of the present social and evolutionary. The discussions are conducted with calmness and candor, and if they offer few practical suggestions in the way of adjusting the great social controversies of the hour, they turn the mind to the underlying and more serious moral and religious facts that ought to be heeded and save the social fabric. Differing from the author in his philosophy, we are glad to see his views so much to enjoy in his thoughtful suggestions and serious spirit.

The Congregational Publishing House issues a very full and well-arranged *PIGMY LIBRARY RECORD, AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECORD*. The blanks cover every desirable incident in a school's history, and will form a valuable memorial as the year goes on. Prices vary according to the size of the record books, from 5 cents to \$1.50.

*CHILDREN'S SERMONS*, by Rev. A. H. Root. D. D. Congregational Publishing House. \$1.25. These are plain, simply illustrated, practical sermons, specially adapted to the instruction and edification of a youthful audience. It varied pastors in one of the most delicate and important duties of their office.

*BLEDISLOE; OR, AUNT PEN'S AMERICAN NIECES: AN INTERNATIONAL STORY*, by Ada M. Trotter. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 12mo, \$1.50. This book presents an interesting mingling of English and American peculiarities, with their natural likes and dislikes, with attractive pictures of English country life, and embodies a pleasant domestic story running naturally along to its grateful consummation.

The National Temperance Society issues *A MAN MADE MAN; A Sequel to "Story of Rasmus"*, by Julia McNair Wright. 12mo, \$1.25. This is a very practical and profitable book—an interesting story indeed, as are all written by its very successful author—but it is more. It is a very suggestive volume, and disposes of a great deal of faithful Christian work, humble though it be, may accomplish. It is an excellent addition to the Sunday-school library.

Bound in illuminated cover, \$1.75.

Among the most attractive, and profitable as well, of holiday books for young and old, is *The Vassar Girls*, written by Prof. James Russell Soler, and published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, with especially popular the present season. It gives a history of the Navy of the United States, and the memorable deeds of our naval heroes upon the ocean and lakes, in the war of 1812, in Algiers and in Mexico. 8vo, cloth, \$2.50.

The same House issues the familiar, and always welcome among the little people of the household, *CHATTERBOX*, for 1887, adorned with pictures and pleasant stories. In illuminated covers, \$1.25.

For girls, Estes & Lauriat publish an interesting story by Lizzie V. Champney, author of the "Three Vassar Girls," entitled *GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS IN NEW FRANCE*. This is the thrilling story of a little girl carried away by a beautiful volume, in large type, of stories and poems. \$1.75.

Then, to meet all tastes, they send out *THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE EVERGLADES*, by F. A. Ober, a veteran traveler, giving vivid descriptions of the scenery around Lake Okechobee, Florida, with very interesting personal incidents. The volume is fully illustrated, and offers powerful attractions for a healthy boy. His parents will enjoy it as well as well. \$1.50.

Three Vassar Girls at Home comes from the same House. Miss Lizzie V. Champney has already made these girls famous in their travels abroad; now they find abundant opportunity for pen, pencil, and ink, in a trip across the continent. These Vassar girls have fairly become an institution of themselves.

Dodd, Mead & Co. issue *EQUAL TO THE OCCASION*, by Edward Garrett. 12mo, \$1. There is a wonderful charm about the books of this writer. His stories are so naturally natural, breathing a sweet Christian spirit, and are never wearisome. The moral of the fine tale is, that the true theory of life is to do the duty that comes before us, to choose what is right in small as well as in large, and in this way we shall be equal to the hour when the great occasion comes.

*PERSEVERANCE ISLAND; OR, THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*, by Douglas Frazer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo, \$1.50. This is a capital book for boys. It shows how much can be accomplished by an ingenious man thrown upon his personal resources on a lonely island. It differs from the original Crusoe in its illustrations of mechanical ingenuity. No average boy can resist its fascinating pages.











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## The Family.

### SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

Joy is a bubbling stream flowing from the fountain of faith. It refreshes hope, invigorates patience, and beautifies love.

"It gives to affliction a grace, And reconciles man to his lot."

And joy is a part of that kingdom which is the dear Father's good pleasure to give to every member of His beloved flock. Therefore every Christian should cultivate spiritual joy and keep his heart so full of it as to be always in a state of mind to exclaim,—

"Let all the world in every corner sing—  
My God, and King!"

Submission of our wills to the Divine will is a divine requirement. What a blessed privilege as well as duty to do it! What unspeakable satisfaction it brings to the soul in all of its experiences. Such submission is beautifully presented by Thomas à Kempis. He says: "Give me what Thou wilt, and in what measure, and at what time Thou wilt. Do unto me what Thou knowest to be best—what best pleases Thee. Place me where Thou wilt, and freely dispose of me in all things." And, still more, he says: "I offer myself in sacrifice; henceforth I have no will save to accomplish Thine." "Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

An American poet describes himself as brooding in a marsh and arraigning a drifting cloud because yesterday

"Thy lightning slew a child at play,  
And then a priest with prayers upon his lips  
For his enemies, and then a bright  
Lady that did but ope the door  
Upon the storming night  
To let a beggar in."

To these complaints the cloud replies:—

"What the cloud doeth  
The Lord knoweth;  
The cloud knoweth not."

In this arraignment of the cloud, the poet brings into sight some of those singular providences which are a perplexity to human wisdom and a trial to Christian faith. But the reply of the cloud teaches a truth Christian men need to ponder when life's storms are beating on their heads. The storms know not why they spread havoc over his household, but the Lord knoweth, and He directs the storm, loves the sufferer, and doeth all things well. If He even breaks the heart, He saves the soul. Yes, the Lord knoweth; and can He who gave His son to death for thee, do thee hurt, O Christian? Never, no, never! Love like His is unchangeable, and when it wounds the deepest, is most true to itself and most faithful to him who is its object.

The man who is overcome by the world, is controlled by its spirit and supremely devoted to its pursuits. He lives in and for it. But he who has overcome the world, though in it, is not of it. His highest aim is not to be rich; his pleasures are not in the earthly. His chosen enjoyments are spiritual; his highest ambition is to possess a Christly character. St. John says, that "Whosoever is born of God, overcometh the world;" not may or will overcome it, but actually overcometh it. Is it not, therefore, a solemn fact that no man who is overcome by the world, no man who is a worshiper in the temple of Mammon, no man who finds his delights in the pleasures of the world, is "born of God?" He may have once passed through that divine birth, but he is now overcome by the world, he thereby proves that he has cast away the faith by which he formerly entered into that heavenly life. The test of the regenerated life is, that its possessor "overcometh the world." To its most fascinating allurements he replies:—

"In vain the world accosts my ear  
And tempts my heart anew;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear  
Nor part with heaven for you."

### THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dear Lord, true Lord, there is no day  
That should not be a "Thanksgiving" hold,  
For mercies, more than I can say,  
Increasing as the years grow old.  
There's not a moment of each day  
That is not laden with Thy love,  
Nor e'en a second which is short  
Of bounty from the Hand above.

Do we forget? Dear Patient King,  
Whose subjects err from Thy commands,  
Have patience yet a longer while,  
And stoop to reach the eager hands  
Held up to clasp Thy own, when men—  
Grown blind—seek at last a guide,  
As they go stumbling on their way,  
From the right path, so oft aside.

Seed-time and harvest come again,  
And yet again upon the earth,  
Oh, Lord, who died that we might live,  
Let heart of man give glorious birth  
To thoughts of prayer, and praise, and love,  
For Thee, who, come the storm or shine,  
Doth ne'er forget the wants of those  
Whom Thy dear blood made ever Thine.

Gather the harvest of our prayers—  
The harvest of our gratitude—  
For life, and all that makes it sweet,  
For health and strength, for air and food,  
And let the incense of this day—  
Set thus apart for joy and praise—  
Burn in our loving hearts thro' all  
The year's gift-crowned days.

—MARY D. BRINK, in *Churchman*.

### MY WIFE'S THANKSGIVING DINER.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHERRY.

The wonder was, that the subject of a Thanksgiving dinner should have been broached at all in my hearing that year. Depressed as I was, it would have been impossible for me to have mustered courage to allude to anything bearing any relation to a festive occasion.

But then, my wife and I, as regarded our characteristics, were totally different beings. There are many wonderful things in this world, as I keep discovering all the time; but I think one of the

most remarkable things in life will always remain to me—a woman's faith and brave reliance on a Power she once makes up her mind is infallible and worthy of her trust.

Had she been an older person, having had varied experience and manifold trials and extraordinary deliverances, it might not have been strange that my wife could calmly look disappointments and perplexities in the face which would keep me in a state of mental turmoil from morning until—almost morning again. But that a golden-haired, blue-eyed little lady of eight and twenty years, who had really never lacked for bread or friends, should have learned such lessons of complete trust, was to me a constant wonder. Our eight years of married life had been years of great happiness so far as our domestic relations were concerned, for my wife's disposition was as sunny as her golden head, and I believe the skies were always as blue for her as her own dear eyes, no matter whether it rained or shone. And our little boy and girl leaned with no more unquestioning faith on their tender mother than did that mother on her Father in heaven.

The year we were married I had bought and paid for a house in the enterprising city of L—, and here we were still living. But, owing to a most unfortunate business venture, I was obliged at the end of five years to mortgage our pleasant house, and matters had gone steadily against me ever since. And not since the first six months after had effected the mortgage, had it been possible for me to pay one penny of interest, until now at the approaching Thanksgiving season already mentioned, the money due had reached an amount nearly equaling the value of the house; and, worst of all, the mortgagee had resolutely informed us that unless a part of the accumulated interest could be paid before the beginning of another year, we must find some other home. Some other home! How could I leave that beloved abode of peace and sweet content? It was there I had brought my beautiful bride, there our precious children had been born to us, and every nook and corner of the house and garden was endeared to us by hallowed associations. Moreover, our neighbors were all that could be desired, and my wife was certainly a favorite in the choice, refined circle in which she moved.

But my wife was speaking in a sort of dreamy way, and I could not choose but listen, although her serene remarks smote on my heart with a kind of dreary pain. She was saying,—

"Now I have planned just the sort of Thanksgiving company I should like to have next month, and I think it would make a very pleasant little party."

My first impulse was to break out impetuously and ask her how she could think of such a thing; but I curbed myself, and knowing well as I did her tastes and some of her warmest friendships, I said,—

"Well, I suppose you would like to entertain Dr. and Mrs. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Rolf, Jennie and Julie Starr, and possibly the Harrisons."

Dr. and Mrs. Stetson were our popular minister and wife; Mr. and Mrs. Rolf, our next-door neighbors—fortunate ones, too, Rolf being retired on his income at about forty; the Misses Starr were attractive young ladies who played and sang delightfully; and the Harrisons were wealthy people who had made a great deal of Mrs. Prentice—my name is Prentice—ever since they had first met her some five or six years before.

But to my surprise my wife replied hastily:—

"Oh, no, that is not my plan at all. I want to invite Annie Hillman, Mrs. Dyke, old Mr. Sperry, and the Miller girls to a real first-class dinner, just such as I would wish to set before the other friends you have mentioned."

"But, my dear," I said, smiling, "do you think they could quite appreciate such a spread as that would most likely be?"

For Annie Hillman, pious old soul that she was, was supported by the town; Mrs. Dyke and old Mr. Sperry, an ancient brother and sister, were members in good and regular standing, occupying gallery seats in Dr. Stetson's church, and lived no one knew how on almost nothing; while the Miller girls were tall, slender, and went out by the day, and were still called "girls" at the age of fifty and fifty-two.

But my wife again replied with some little spirit:—

"Why, certainly they would appreciate it of all people! I guess turkey and mince pie, jelly and celery, nuts and raisins, would taste just as good to them as to people accustomed to such things every day; and ten times gooder!" she added, laughing.

"Oh, dear!" I moaned, no longer able to suppress my gloomy fears, "how can you laugh so lightly? Why, how can you afford no such dinner for our selves, let alone others. Dear me!"

"I continued, 'how I envy Rolf—no care, no perplexities, no worry! Just rides when he likes, reads at his ease, and eats his meals when the servants ring the bell. I should think the man might be happy as a prince!'"

"They have no darling little children," said my wife, pityingly.

"No, they have no children," I repeated, thinking lovingly and anxiously of our precious little pair.

"And I am afraid," added my wife with charitable caution, "that with all their intelligence and cultivation they are living without God in the world; they certainly show no regard for His Sabbath, and I have gathered from their conversation that they have little or no belief in the Bible. Yet I like my refined, pleasant neighbors, and wish they were only believers."

Then I went back to the old subject, and began worrying about that dreadful mortgage; but my wife replied with her usual serenity,—

"God will take care of that."

"Yes, but how?" I asked, with more

impatience than I should have spoken. "I don't know," answered my wife; then she added with the old brightness and spirit: "I can tell you what it is, Martin Prentice, I am asking God every day to adjust that difficulty for us and relieve us of its weight, and I firmly believe He is going to do it, in good season, too! Now I am going to ask for that Thanksgiving dinner, and I believe that will come also."

"Well," I began, in doubtless a skeptical tone, "if I could see the least vestige of hope, the least straw at which to clutch, the least way—"

"Oh, the old cry!" said my wife; "but what a man seeth, why should he yet hope for? I read something a little while ago," she went on, "which made a great impression on my mind, and that was, that if we preferred to bear our own burdens, the Lord would surely let us. We must 'will' to have them borne for us before He will sustain and help. I could tell of more than one instance where I have willed to cast my burden on the Lord, and He has borne it for me. It will be just so with this mortgage. I have no imagination how relief will come; I simply trust the matter to One whose resources I know to be limitless, and His promises unfailing. I am not the least anxious as to the methods He may see fit to employ."

Then she added thoughtfully: "At first I did quail a little before the robbers, but now the thought has entirely ceased to trouble me. I have cast that off too."

The robbers? Oh, dreadful mention! In all the history of our respectable, quiet city had never before begun to be such daring, persistent, mysterious robberies as had recently been perpetrated in various quarters of the town. In vain the sharpest detectives had been employed to scent out the daring thieves. In vain private citizens had patrolled the streets, hiding in doorways and alleys, from early evening until daylight; no clue whatever could be found.

Mrs. Harrison had lost a great case of solid spoons and forks one evening just at dusk. Mr. Holstein, a wealthy German banker, had had his watch and diamond pin taken from his person while asleep one afternoon in his library, and his wife's India shawl had gone at the same time. Miss Jennie Starr one day displayed to my wife a magnificent diamond ring, presented to her by a society for whom she had sung repeatedly; and the next morning the ring disappeared while she was engaged with a caller in the parlor. Mrs. Rolf, wife of our retired neighbor, while out driving one afternoon, was robbed of her costliest set of jewelry—pin, earrings and bracelets, set with a row of pearls with an outer circle of diamonds.

At first, a large sum of money was offered by the mayor of L— to any person or persons who would detect the thieves, but the original sum had been added to by first one and then another aggrieved party, until the promised reward ran up into the small thousands; but the thefts still went on, to the dismay of the entire community, until more than one sensible citizen owned to a feeling of superstition in the matter.

[Concluded next week.]

### "THANKS BE TO GOD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HYMN STUDIES."

We give thanks for the boon of life;  
To be is joy supreme;  
To be like Thee, to know Thy love,  
Is joy supreme, eternal.

We give thanks for the friends of earth,  
Though these these life may sever;  
In days to come earth's flowers fair  
Shall live and bloom forever.

We give thanks for the cross of Christ,  
With holy scenes surrounding;  
Great beauty and gift of love divine,  
With grace and life abounding.

We give thanks for the blessed hope  
That Thou to man hast given—  
Of joy in life, of peace in death,  
And then a home in heaven.

### TEMPTATIONS AND TRIALS.

BY C. H. WETHERS.

God does not allow the Christian's temptations and trials to exceed his ability to bear them. And yet, some say that their temptations and trials are greater than he can endure. They claim that some kinds of temptation are irresistible. But there is no such thing as an irresistible temptation. No Christian is obliged to yield to temptation. He may say that he was born with a disposition to steal, and, therefore, he cannot help stealing. Another says: "I was born with a disposition to lie, and, when the temptation to lie is placed before me, I cannot resist it."

Now, this is not true. It is a delusion of the devil. True, some have inherited certain tendencies, which, with a little cultivation, readily develop into certain forms of wrong-doing. But God's Word warrants in saying that there are no irresistible temptations. All men are born with sinful natures, which constantly tend towards evil habits and wrong-doing; and the sinners are responsible, and not God, for the habits he forms, and for the wrong he does. Now, he who is a Christian, has become one by the grace of the Holy Spirit and by the power of God; and that grace and power, coupled with a firm resolve to resist temptation, will prevent his being kept under the tyranny of temptation and the despotism of trial. The temptation may be strong, and the trial may be severe; but when both the temptation and the trial have been allowed to accomplish their designed object, God will open a door of escape, through which the Christian may depart with an air of holy triumph.

God knows just how much temptation and trial we can bear; and, when He has seen that we have borne all that is necessary for us to endure, He will make a way to escape; and our hearts will be the stronger, and our souls will be the richer, and our lives

will be the better and purer, for the experiences we have. Let us remember that God will not impose any burdens upon us that are heavier than our shoulders can bear. Not a pound too much will He lay upon us. He adjusts just such burdens to us as our needs demand. Our temptations and trials may seem to hedge us up with barriers unyielding; but let us not despair, for all barriers are as brittle threads in the hands of our almighty Lord. Our loving Father assures us that He will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear.

### SOWING AND REAPING.

BY MRS. H. M. W. HILL.

The precious grain is growing  
From seed by sower sown,  
Its golden tines are bringing  
Promise of harvest soon.  
The seed was small but folded,  
The forms of life were there  
Which sun and rain have moulded  
In golden grain so fair.

So seeds of truth are falling  
Into our hearts each day,  
Which germinate with tilling,  
For future harvest day;  
While light of God's own teaching  
Doth swift the buds unfold,  
And dew of grace refreshing  
Pledge increase many fold.

If faithful we keep striving  
To foster grain, not tares,  
If hearts we are not filling  
With sin and earth-born cares,  
We'll find a gladness treasure,  
Thanks to our Saviour's love,  
In joys we cannot measure,  
Up in our home above.

### ABOUT WOMEN.

—Miss Louise Cable, the eldest daughter of Geo. W. Cable, the novelist, has marked artistic talent, and may some day illustrate her father's books.

—The Queen of Roumania has just completed a novel, the scene of which is laid among the ancient Dacians.

—Lady Brassey was writing another book of travels at the time of her death. It was only half finished, and will probably never be published.

—Miss Muller, a member of the London School Board, who is at present traveling in this country, says that the United States is certainly the earthly paradise of woman.

—Miss Allegra Eggleston, a daughter of Edward Eggleston, will illustrate her father's novel, "The Graysons," in the *Century*.

—Mrs. Rouben Gaylor, of Omaha, has given \$1,000 to the Ladies' Boarding Hall of Gates College, Neb. It will be called the Gaylor Memorial Hall.

—The mother of Gen. Lew Wallace was a prominent figure at the State Prohibition camp-meeting at Oakland, Ill., where she addressed an audience of fifteen thousand people.

—So far as is known, there are only fourteen Chinese women in New York city. Of these, nine are married. They obey to the letter the customs of their own country, where the wife is the property of her husband.

—The "wheel" is said to be increasing in favor among women than among men. There are now between four and five thousand women who are habitual riders of the triangle. They find the exercise both pleasant and healthful.

—But for the ladies of Philadelphia, there would be no monument to General Meade in Fairmount Park. The fund started for this purpose had only reached \$2,300 when a committee of 119 ladies took the matter in hand and raised \$23,000; this, with a State and Government appropriation raised it to \$30,000, the sum needed.

—Mrs. Rose Terry Cook says American women don't know how to live. If they want health, she writes, let them learn to live in fresh air—open their windows, wear flannel night-gowns and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold, but never sleep with closed windows; and air all their clothes and their room daily; eat simple, wholesome food; wear bonnets and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots. Then, she argues, they will be rosy, happy, healthy, and a comfort to everybody as well as themselves.—*Exchange*.

—Three million women in the United States work for money. Of these 600,000 are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; 640,000 are employed in manufacturing, and 330,000 in the laundries of the country; 280,000 are milliners, and 200,000 find employment as dressmakers; 600,000 earn their bread in tailorships, and 690,000 are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph operators, typewriters, bookkeepers, typesetters and nurses. There are 2,500 female physicians.

### FROM HERE AND THERE.

—The white topaz found near Pike's Peak is almost equal in value to the diamond. A New York lapidary lately offered \$500 for a stone, and was refused.

—The French war balloon is made in four sections, so that a bullet may go through it without dropping it.

—The most remarkable echo known is that in the castle of Simonetta, two miles from Milan. It repeats the sound of a pistol thirty times.

—The names of thirty-six widows of soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War are still on the rolls of the Pension office. The average age of the pensioners is eighty-two and one-fourth years.

—The sale of the French crown jewels is said to have netted almost \$1,500,000. The historical heirlooms remaining unsold, and retained for the Louvre Museum, are said to be worth nearly double that sum.

—Helena, M. T., claims to be the richest city of its size in the United States. The actual capital employed in establishments in the city is \$10,000,000.

—Recently eighty thousand Socialist pamphlets were delivered throughout Berlin by women, who did the work so quietly that they were not noticed.

—Dr. J. H. Hall, one of the principal

land owners of Jacksonville, Fla., offers 100,000 acres of land in that State to the homeless poor of Ireland, provided they will settle upon it. The ratio of distribution is to be twenty-five acres to each family.

—It is said that one's turn to be killed on the English railways does not kill 7,367,730 journeys have been made. That is to say, that that proportion of journeys has been made during the past year to each person who has been killed; 725,684,390 journeys were made last year, and only ninety-five passengers were killed.

—Last winter the Montana Legislature authorized a bounty of ten cents for prairie-dogs and five cents for ground-squirrels, and to date the Territory has paid for 988,971 ground-squirrels and 183,700 prairie-dogs, or a total of \$50,000. The bounty exhausted all the money in the treasury. The Governor called a special session of the Legislature, and the bounty law was repealed.

—The statue of Abraham Lincoln, by St. Gaudens, was recently unveiled at Lincoln Park, Chicago. The oration was delivered by Leonard Sweet. Little "Abe" Lincoln, son of ex-Secretary Lincoln, pulled the rope that unveiled the statue of his grandfather.

—It has been calculated that on the average each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life twenty wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say some one hundred and twenty ounces per day during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half pints of liquid food, or seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman. Yet probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be one hundred and forty-three ounces. Doubtless many take much less; but unquestionably the average is more than this.—*Prof. RICHARD A. PROCTOR*, in the *October Cosmopolitan*.

### The Little Folks.

#### ELSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

Dolly, it's almost Thanksgiving. Do you know what I mean, my dear?  
No? Well, I couldn't expect it; you haven't heard of it as yet.  
And you came with my auntie from Paris, far over the wide blue sea,  
And you'll be here for Thanksgiving, my beautiful Dolly, with me.

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grand-mamma explained it all.  
So that I understand why Thanksgiving always comes late in the fall.  
When the autumn apples are gathered, and the work in the fields is done, and the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise our Father, who sends the rain and the dew,  
Whose wonderful loving-kindness is every morning new;  
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we should thank Him every day.  
And think about good things, Dolly, when we paid Thanksgiving Day.

But I like it very much better when from church we all go home,  
And the married brothers and sisters and the troops of cousins come,  
And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and shout and play  
In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiving Day.

Now let me whisper a secret: I've had a trouble to bear;  
It has made me feel quite old, dear, and perfectly cross with my dear;  
'Twas not my prettiest kittle, the white one with spots of black—  
I loved her devotedly, Dolly; I've been awfully angry with Jack!

So mad that I couldn't forgive him; and I wouldn't kiss him good night,  
For he lost my kittle on purpose, shut up in a bag so tight;  
He carried miles and miles, dear, and dropped her under a dark;  
I would not wonder a bit, dear, if he took her to Central Park.

And then he came home to supper, as proud as a boy could be;  
I wonder, Dolly, this minute, how he dared to be looking at me,  
When I called my kittle, and called her, when I found she didn't come,  
And Jack poured over his Latin as if he were dead and dumb.

When I found out what he had done, dear, it was just like lead in my heart;  
Though mamma is as kind as an angel, I know she would be cross;  
Suppose I did chase the chickens—they might have kept out of her way;  
I've been so sorrowful, Dolly, I've dreaded Thanksgiving Day.

For I'll never pretend to be good, dear, when I feel all wrong in my mind;  
And as for giving up kittle, I'm not in the least resigned.  
I've been so cross with deep grief, Dolly—known it a long time back—  
That I couldn't keep Thanksgiving while I hated my brother Jack.

For you cannot love God and praise Him when you are cherishing anger this way.  
I've tried hard to conquer it, Dolly—I gave Jack two years to pay;  
I've mended his mittens for him—why, who is this?—  
Why, it's surely my own white kittle, so tired and grimed and thin!

And now we will keep Thanksgiving, Dolly and kittle and I;  
I'll go to church in the morning; I'm so glad.  
O kittle! my lost, lost treasure, you have found your own way back,  
And now I'll forget my troubles, and be friends again with Jack.

—MARGARET E. SANBORN, in *Harper's Young People*.

### THE SELF-SACRIFICING TURKEY.

BY THOMAS FARMALINE.

There was a baker's dozen of turkeys on the Dunlap place, and father Dunlap had been promising his boys and girls—Otho, Henry, Alice, and Helen—that one of them should help to make the Thanksgiving feast—I mean one of the turkeys.

The first of November came, and the thirteen turkeys began to wonder why they were being fed so well. Some of the older ones were a little doubtful as to what the end of all this loving could be. They seemed to have a faint recollection that something dreadful had happened to some of their number a long time before, and just after they

had been similarly feasted, too; but the young turkeys grew tame as they grew plump and fat, and looked gratefully and unsuspiciously, with their big black eyes, at the four little Dunlaps who threw the nice, palatable food to them.

When it lacked just a week of Thanksgiving, something very disappointing happened to the children, and when they were out of hearing distance from the house, Otho said to Helen,—

"It's just too mean for anything—so there!"

Otho was the oldest and usually expressed himself first.

"I don't believe I'll feed them another speck," said Helen.

Henry and Alice hadn't thought of such a rebellion, and were throwing out handfuls of parched corn to the turkeys, but very slowly and with solemn faces.

"If I had known what papa was going to do, they wouldn't have been so fat as they are," continued Helen.

"No, sir!" Otho was speaking to his sister, but the "sir" seemed to give emphasis to his speech. He went on: "Then they couldn't have been sold very easily. Oh! I just wish we hadn't got them so nice and plump."

Alice threw out the last handful of corn, and turned thoughtfully to the brother and sister who had been doing the talking while she was working.

"What's the matter with their crops?"

"Whose crops?" asked the big brother, a little scornfully.

"Why, the turkeys, I s'pose. Papa said they had failed, so he couldn't save one for ourselves this year."

"Oh, you little goose! He meant the corn and oats and such things. Turkey crops! O-ho!"

Alice looked ashamed for having made such a mistake, and having to be laughed at by Otho; but Otho didn't look at all ashamed, when he was just the one who ought to have been ashamed for speaking so roughly to his small sister, who had done nothing wrong in misunderstanding her father's words.

Mr. Dunlap had said in the hearing of the children that morning: "Turkeys are bringing a good price this year, and I think I'd better dispose of them at the price offered by Mack."

"The children will be disappointed, and they've been looking forward so to their roast turkey," said their mother earnestly.

"James, didn't you tell them if they would feed them well, they should choose the one for Thanksgiving?"

It was grandma who spoke, and her voice was stern and reproachful.

"Chicken-pie is plenty good enough, and better than roast turkey, to my notion. Well, yes, I suppose I did promise them; like as not they've forgotten, though, and crops have failed so this year I feel as if I must save every dollar."

It was at this point that the children had slipped away to give vent to their shattered hopes.

Forgotten, indeed! There were Alice and Henry out among the turkeys after the older pair of children had gone about their small tasks, and they were going through the form of choosing a turkey for the dinner which had been talked about so long. They had taken delight in doing this for three long weeks, and the habit had become so fixed that it







# ZION'S HERALD For the Year 1888

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**SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.** Letters on business should be addressed to **A. S. WEED, Publisher,** 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

## The Week.

At Home.

During the past year 127 lives were lost from the Cape Ann fishing fleet.

At a special meeting of Plymouth Church and society, it was decided, with but one dissenting vote, to call Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England.

Litigation involving \$70,000 has begun in the Chicago Gas Trust fight.

Henry Ward Beecher's 7,000 books brought only \$10,000 at the auction sale. His price-brace would be the amount to \$27,000.

The next Congress, according to the list published, will contain 168 Democrats, 153 Republicans and 4 Independents.

The Northern Pacific will resist the order of the Minnesota railroad commission reducing rates from 4 to 3 cents per mile.

A meeting was held at the rooms of the New England Historical-Geographical Society to advocate the claims of Lief Erikson as the true discoverer of America.

Six men were killed at Ishpeming, Mich., by an explosion of 1,500 pounds of dynamite.

Prof. S. P. Langley has been chosen Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, to succeed the late Prof. Baird.

The New York Legislature passed a special act permitting Hong Yen Chang to be admitted to the Bar, but Judge Van Brant refused to admit him on the ground that the Chinaman was not a citizen.

Mr. Edward Atkinson makes the proposition that the United States settle the fishery dispute by buying the maritime provinces paying \$50,000,000 therefor.

It is proposed to commemorate the 80th birthday of the poet Whitier by sending him a suitably inscribed memorial, signed by the prominent poets of Massachusetts.

Herr Most, the New York anarchist, has been indicted for using seditious language.

Wells, Fargo & Co. have contracted for the express business on all the lines operated or controlled by the Atlantic, Topical and Santa Fe system, about 3,000 miles in all.

Mr. Frederick H. Rindge's gifts of a City Hall and an Industrial School for boys to the city of Cambridge, Mass., in addition to a site for a High School and a Public Library, bring his benefactions to that city up to nearly \$500,000.

The National Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held in Nashville, Tenn.

Barnum's winter quarters at Bridgeport were burned, with the outfit and almost all of the animals of the great show; loss over half a million; insurance, \$100,000.

ABROAD.

The city of Limerick has been proclaimed under the crimes act.

The Czar of Russia was received at Berlin with distinguished honors.

Baron Wolpert, the great friend of Ireland, had died recently in London, left a fortune of \$35,000,000.

Spain has seized the island of Perelli, near Cuba, on which she intends to erect a lighthouse. The Moors are excited over the seizure.

Three of the persons charged with connection with the French Legion of Honor decoration scandals have been convicted and sentenced. The French chamber of deputies, by a vote of 527 to 5, approved the demand for the prosecution of M. Wilson.

The court of queen's bench has quashed the verdict of the coroner's jury at Mitchellton in the case of the victims of the police shooting on the 9th of September. The court takes the ground that the Inquest was illegal, the jury was irregularly impaneled, and the coroner's conduct was illegal and partial.

Advices from Hong Kong state that the Truong Lu Yamen has canceled all contracts made by Viceroy Li Hung Chang relative to the American bank concessions granted to the syndicate represented by Count Mitkevitch.

Seventy-five persons were arraigned for participating in the Trafalgar Square disturbances on Sunday, the 13th, and sentenced to from four to six months' imprisonment.

Stones were thrown through the windows of a Bideford hall during Rev. Justin Fulton's lecture on Romanism.

Mr. John Chandler, of Concord, N. H., died on Wednesday night in his 103d year. He was born in Andover, Mass., September 29, 1785.

Postmaster Vilas has decided that female clerks may marry and still retain their clerkships.

A large quantity of cotton and other property were burned at Memphis, involving a loss of \$700,000.

The Dutch steamer "W. A. Scholten" was sunk in the English channel Saturday evening in collision with the "Rosa Mary"; 132 persons drowned or missing.

There was no disturbance in Trafalgar Square last Sunday; a large meeting was held in Hyde Park; Warren and Matthews were denounced.

M. Goblet has been requested to form a new French ministry; M. Clemenceau has been summoned to the palace.

The Pope has nominated a commission to examine his project to found an extensive philanthropic institution for the benefit of the working classes to commemorate the jubilee. He proposes that the sum of \$200,000 be raised to start the institution.

The Central Bank of Canada suspended payment in consequence of the present money stringency. It is expected that the depositors will suffer no loss.

At the annual conference of the English Liberal League, it was announced that the League had 130 branch lodges and 5,000 members. A programme was adopted approving home rule, colonial federation, triennial Parliaments, the payment of members of Parliament, free education, manhood suffrage, international arbitration and female franchise.

Gen. Le Flo, commander of the Legion of Honor, minister of war under M. Thiers, and formerly ambassador to Russia, died in Paris, at the age of 83.

Polish papers announce that Russian officials along the whole Austro-Russian frontier have been ordered to let the German language by March, 1889.

Sir William McArthur, ex lord mayor of London, died in a carriage of the underground railway, probably choked to death by fog.

If you contemplate a visit to New York, you should send for a copy of a comprehensive, well written and accurate guide to the city, 128 pages and map—entitled, "How to Know New York." Sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

Address, Advertising Department, Grand Union Hotel, New York.

"Prof. Soley's capital new book, 'The Boys of 1812,' is to be published immediately two dollars and fifty cents, instead of three dollars, as announced. It is full of spirited illustrations by F. T. Merrill and Hendry."

Boston, Oct. 15, 1887.

On our 5th page this week, will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

The peculiarly appropriate English carpet just placed on the upholstery room of Shepard, Norwell & Co., by John H. Pray, Sons & Co., is a striking example of expedition in filling an order. The goods were in the bonded warehouse in New York at the time of the receipt of the order on Friday, Nov. 11. They were withdrawn, sent to Boston on 1 o'clock express Saturday, were cut, sewed and laid upon the rooms before 12 o'clock Saturday night. For so large a carpet, this record was never beaten in Boston. — Boston Post.

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